In the current war game of life, don't fall for the snakes. Choose a ladder!

WE are in the same boat... so grab an oar.

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Jan 29

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Warning: this is long and might be too long! It's a *lot of thoughts* that converged over the past 2 days inspired by recent events and they may not all be written in the best written harmony. Grab a glass of wine.

As most of you know, I attended a conference in Sweden with some very prominent and proud voices in the 'counter-control' narrative.

There was a Press Conference prior to the speakers taking the stage to give independent news agencies an opportunity to gather information, data, facts and inspiration from all of us, so that they could be conduits to share these facts and inspirations with fellow Swedes (and anyone, really) ready to hear them. At conferences like this, if you are lucky, you get a chance to meet and greet colleagues. And I had that opportunity at this conference.

Overall, it was a roaring success, and I personally feel that our efforts resonated and rippled far beyond Sweden, Iceland, Norway and all other countries whose soldiers came to stuff a microphone in our faces. These are virtuous warriors. Foot soldiers for truth.

By the way, the entire 2-day event is currently being made into a production for all to see and hear and it should be available in a few days. Stay tuned! You'll want to hear/see Arne Burkhardt's presentation, especially. His was my favorite because of the beautiful visuals that were, incidentally, exceedingly sobering. All of the talks were fantastic, and the sobering subject matter of the event was balanced by much-needed levity.

This morning, I was sent a video snippet of the very end of the second day of this successful 2-day conference this morning from a friend. She asked me what was going on in the video. The video shows a dispute between some of the speakers and a rowdy audience member. I told her: the video clip is theatre - a drop in a sea of backstage reality. And no, I didn't say it that poetically. The conference talks themselves were full of good science - representing countless hours of specialized work - and the conference experience as a whole was thoughtful and inspirational with constructive audience interaction, and wonderful feedback. The last few minutes were quite strange actually: out of place.

The reason I am bringing this up is an important one, and it has to do with rowing your own boat and eventually rowing a bigger boat with a crew of others with similar goals: growth being one. The biggest boat is the one containing humanity. Maybe that's what Noah's Arc was all about?

On the subject matter of the dispute

I believe that everyone has a right to say what they think and must trust that others will come to the 'right' conclusions on their own. Having said that, there are very powerful forces trying to inject nonsense into the science (as most of you know, this is my realm) and we have all seen these injections happening for two years. Pardon the pun. Almost everyone has some level of distrust these days, and/or cannot easily discern between what is good science, and what is crap. And there is a substantial amount of crap as you all are aware of, I am sure. It is vital that people are guided *well* if they seek guidance and it is predatory to misguide someone seeking guidance in earnest. And I *will* fight predators. Whoever they may be. They tend to out themselves.

Besides everyone being confused about the science stuff, as I said recently on my CHD show, I think everyone's pilot light is *lit*. Everyone's 'ready to go'. Everyone is angry now, too. And everyone should be! We've been made into 'subjects'. *Test*-subjects, for all intents and purposes. But, the thing is, we can be steered by outside entities, or *we* can steer them. I think if we all *owned* our own boats, anger and all, we would inherently be unified on one big beautiful boat. The hard part here is to recognize that you might not be steering your own boat. You might even be on someone else's slave boat. It's hard to tell, especially nowadays. There is indeed, a 'boatload' of deception out there.

I have written about how I, myself, fell hook, line and sinker for the propaganda against a particular politician, ages ago. One morning, I kind of 'saw myself' raging out at my computer screen about some stupid thing someone posted and I said to myself: "What the hell are you so upset about? Why are you so stressed out by a screen shot of a post made by a bot first thing in the morning after a lovely relaxing sleep whilst sipping chocolatey Ethiopian Yirgacheffe?" It really gave me pause. My reaction had nothing to do with the politician; the post about him was just the specific catalyst for my rage, and for my pause. For some reason. My reaction was simply a knee-jerk, super-charged emotion-based one that I was having in calculated response to something computer-generated that had no bearing on my daily life. I was amazed at my own gullibility and my own lack of control of my base emotions. Like rage.

That was the day I got off Facebook forever. I only have a Twitter social media account now. I find all social media platforms to be variations of the same war game board. Not quite chess. Something more like, snakes and ladders. More snakes, than ladders.

Twitter is an efficient war game board where I think the game is to collect as much data on what makes people 'react', as possible. Collect, collect, collect: control. Program. Twitter doesn't sleep - like the Terminator didn't sleep. It will go to its endpoint - and that endpoint is harvesting an infinite amount of data. How ironic? An endpoint without an end. One of the things that I think we need to learn to do again in order to win the war game is to imagine outside of our own imaginations and not play. It might be the only way to out-game the opponents, if there even is a way. Having said that, apart from not playing the game, one of the ways I know we *might* accomplish this is to unite in all of our uniquenesses on the game board. This became way too abstract. Sorry. Use your imaginations! LOL

I'm no expert, but uniting probably involves not letting the difference details drown us. We are all different, and these differences are what make us complimentary. And we need complimentarity. The so-called globalists want us to be 'in-line', terrified, non-thinking, cookie-cutter, controlled automatons. But human beings are not that. We never could be. Well, not all of us. We are literally all the same, but unique. Any external phenotypic differences are not *who* we are: but just how we look, and no one is in control of that. So why judge books by covers? There are war gamers whose goal it is to divide the people. They use our history, our societal construct and in fact, *our selves*, against each other with the goal to make us fight with ourselves and with each other, and not against *the entity*. This is the psychopathic entity that I believe Aseem refers to in our CHD chat the other day. It is real. And it is powerful. And it feeds on our fear.

I have learned that it is exceedingly important to try to recognize when an outside entity is trying to control you, or scare you. It's really hard to do, but essential to autonomy, and sovereignty. Divide and conquer *is* a war tactic and it is very effective when trying to defeat opposition. So the key to defeating them, is to unify. Whenever you see someone trying to break up a band, ask yourself, "What is motivating them to do that?" And really think about their possible motivations.

The levels of deception now are so many, that sometimes I can barely believe what I am seeing or how thick this onion of lies we are all finding ourselves encased in actually is. I find myself literally wondering some days if anything I have ever 'heard' is true. On TV. In school. From textbooks. Is it all lies? Is it all the stage of the theatre? Am I simply a fancy black walnut carved wooden figure on this game board being moved around by someone else?

The fact that we all have an ability to still wonder this and to even question the validity of a 'fact' is very comforting to me. It's kind of like the ability to have that 'feeling' that Neo had in the Matrix, of not quite being sure if he was awake when he 'woke up'. It's that splinter in our minds that might be the 'reality' (whatever that is) poking us in the ribs from some undefined place as a reminder to always be questioning even what our senses are showing us. Do my eyes deceive me? Is the TV saying that Vitamin D is poisonous? Is that true? Is the sun giving me cancer? Or is the sunscreen giving me cancer? We all know that sunshine is the key to life. It is. We evolved with it. We need it. Anyone promoting otherwise or trying to convince you to avoid sunlight is likely trying to sell a product. Think about it.

Re-scan. Use common sense. Listen to your body. And mind. The comfort I mentioned comes from being able to ask and to think. And I agree with *Descartes*.

Self-check and learn to recognize when a manipulation is at play.

I think that the truth always reveals itself in 'time'. Whenever *we* are ready to see it revealed. I get the impression now that everyone *feels* like something is wrong in the world, but ironically, these feelings are likely even *feeding* the sense of imbalance, because despite these feelings of wariness, people's heads are telling them that the COVID-19 shots are safe and effective, for example, because they are letting their ears be subjected to propaganda. What you let your ears hear, is very important, but it may lead you astray. The conflict between the heart and head is very real, and I believe to correct the imbalance, one should *listen* to both but ultimately, *follow* the heart.

On the subject of gaslighting

To feel that something is wrong but to constantly be mocked for feeling this way, even by your own mind, is very unbalancing. It *will* take some strength of the mind, but I think that everyone has the ability to right themselves and to keep their own pilot light on a steady low burn to weather out these storms, without letting them over-ignite, and burn to exhaustion. When I find myself compelled to react quickly, in an emotional way, I try to catch myself and ask rational questions first. In personal silence. Really basic ones like: "What am I actually looking at here?" and "What is motivating them to do that?" Context is vital.

Never is the right time to lie.

Let's examine that. When I got this short video clip today, I saw it for what it was immediately. The entities who shot it, and posted it, had no involvement with the conference or the people who took time out of their lives to attend or to present. Direct conversations are better than hearsay and finger-pointing for information gathering and dissemination, so I had to wonder what the motivation was - of the 'audience member' and of the poster. It seems obvious. And I would like to make an example of this example, if I may.

So much of what we see, especially in the social media world, is taken out of context, or fabrication, or conjecture, or even lies. This *is* theatre. It wasn't surprising at all for me to see this video - actually, the only thing that surprised me was how long it took them to post it. I had a knee-jerk emotional reaction - but not because I was outraged at the attempt at slander. It was because it reminded me that there are people who are solely focused on the on-stage theatre, whilst forgetting the crew that allow for the production: the lighting and sound guys. The world's a stage, yes, and there are actors, but that doesn't mean that everyone's an actor: there are a lot of invaluable people behind the scenes working hard to put on 'a good show' in the theatre of life. And like the actors, they also get their instructions from the guys in charge of the big red velvet curtain who, more often than not, care far more about filling the theatre than about the comforts of the actors and the crew. I don't mean to imply that *all* of the people in charge of the big red velvet curtain are predatory cowards intent on putting on a good show, but many are. I also don't mean to imply that all actors are controlled. My main point is that the focus shouldn't be on the actors or the red curtain masters but more so on the crew: the people actually pulling the levers and switching the lights on and off, for example. I think that most people, if not all, are their own crew, so what I think I am trying to say is that maybe everyone should focus more on their own well-being by striving for balance in mind and body.

I think I am confusing ideas here - let's pull it together. If someone is trying to provoke your base emotions, they might not be doing something that is in your best interest. Try always to focus on you by focusing on things that make you not rage out at your screen. Haha! Take it from me, it's way better for your blood pressure.

I would also like to point out how important it is for us to maintain this power of control: we need to make sure THAT WE CONTROL THE LIGHTS, not just figuratively, but literally. If this power gets handed over to an algorithm or a psychopathic entity, we don't have this power anymore and it could become darker for longer periods of time than we might all appreciate.

The people throwing wrenches in the works are motivated by many things and *are* many things, yes, but above all of these things, they are all misguided, in my opinion. Some of them are even lost. I believe that some might even fully believe that what they are doing is *the right thing* to do. It might seem unbelievable to us, but that's part of the exercise of empathy: we don't need to *feel how others feel*, but we need to at least be ok that others feel differently from us. And accept it. Unemotionally.

People who act out to hurt others are usually hurting themselves and many times, feel ignored or under-appreciated. And that's nothing to make fun of or react aggressively to. Well at least, I don't feel it's the right approach. The only thing you can do with that is to feed it with logical truth and lots of love. That might sound really naive to my readers, but I assure you, it is *innocence* driving me to write this, not naivety. I am fully aware that there are evil assholes among us. They should be ignored.

We are all trying our best to navigate through a war. A war on us. I believe that we are all being abused by the war gamers (aka: evil assholes/psychopathic entities): the ones who are telling the light operators what to do, and when to do it. It's kind of like that book that Rachel and Monica and Phoebe all fell into following: "Be Your Own Wind Keeper". Or, light house.

How do you expect me to grow when you won't let me glow?

How do you expect me to grow
if you won't let me blow?

When the tipping point number of us realize this, it *will* be the time for us all to link arms, and turn to 'them' and tell them to piss off. In unison, if possible.

So let's enable the maturation of humanity. Grab an oar. And row, row, row the boat. Gently. Down the stream.

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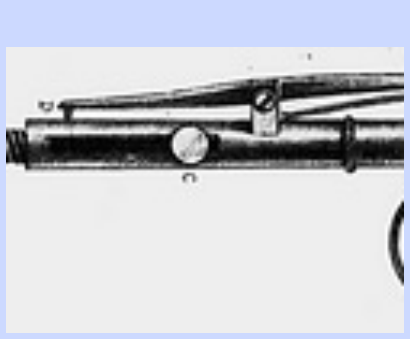

This is one of the emails I received the other day. I get hundreds daily, and I am hearing you all.
This particular note spoke loudly to me and this lovely person gave me permission to share her words.
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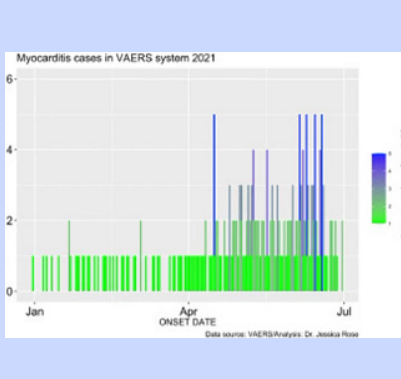

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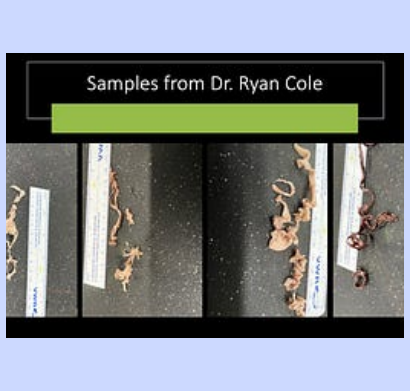

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